

## ON THE EDGE

for nights the fan  
has to be put directly  
blowing on the bed or else  
sleep is impossible.  
but tonight, even with  
the fan doing its wonderful thing,  
i cannot fall asleep for the life  
of me. so i get up and get some wine  
out of the fridge and i take a glass  
and go into the spare bedroom  
where i sit sipping in the dark  
in front of the typewriter.  
some of the keys pick up  
the reflection of the street light.  
as of late, i'm forced to admit, i  
haven't really typed anything  
off the top of my head.  
whatever i've typed has been  
written out in my notebook first.  
in order to rampage, type freely,  
spontaneously, i suppose i have to  
feel as though i'm living  
on the edge.  
there has to be the  
sharp danger of the edge  
staring me in the face.  
i have to feel it cutting  
my tongue like a sharp piece  
of paper. no  
such condition exists now though.  
not that i'm too  
concerned over this.  
the edge has a way of  
continuously presenting itself,  
especially when you least  
expect it. there's  
no reason to go  
searching for it.  
it appears innocently at first,  
like an ant in a salad bowl,  
and then before you know it  
there's nothing you can afford  
to eat  
for dinner  
except ants.

— Ronald Baatz

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